Demet. *Chiron* thy yeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intrude where I am graced,
And may for ought thou knowest affected be.
Chiron. *Demetrius*, thou dost ouerweene in all,
And so in this, to beare me downe with braues,
Tis not the difference of a yere or two
Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit as thou,
To serue, and to deserue my Mistris grace,
And that my sword vpon thee shall approue,
And plead my passions for *Lauinias* loue.
Moore Clubs, clubs, these louers will not keep the peace.
Deme. Why boy, although our mother (vnaduizd)
Gaue you a daunsing rapier by your side,
Are you so desprat growne to threat your friends?
Goe too: haue your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chiron. Meane while sir, with the little skill I haue,
Full well shalt thou perceiue how much I dare.
Demet. I boy, grow ye so braue? *they draw.*
Aron. Why how now Lords?
So neere the Emperours pallace dare you draw,
And maintaine such a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge,
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were knowne to them it most concernes.
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonored in the Court of Rome.
For shame put vp.
Demet. Not I, till I haue sheathd
My rapier in his bosome, and withall
Thrust these reprochfull speeches downe his throat,
That he hath breathd in my dishonour heere.
Chiron. For that I am prepard, and full resolude,

Foule

Antipenult – Threat. Whose –

Foule spoken Coward, that thundrest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing durst performe.
Moore. Away I say.
Now by the Gods that warlike *Gothes* adore,
This petty brabble will vndoo vs all:
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to iet vpon a Princes right?
What is *Lauinia* then become so loose,
Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,
That for her loue such quarrels may be brocht,
Without controulement, iustice, or reuenge?
Young Lords beware, and should the Empresse know,
This discords ground, the musicke would not please.
Chiron. I care not I, knew she and all the world,
I loue *Lauinia* more then all the world. (choise
Demet. Youngling learne thou to make some meaner
Lauinia is thine elder brothers hope.
Moore. Why are ye mad? or know ye not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke competitors in loue?
I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,
By this deuise.
Chiron. *Aron*, A thousand deaths would I propose,
To atchieue her whome I do loue.
Aron. To atchieue her, how?
Demetri. Why, makes thou it so strange?
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
Shee is a woman, therefore may be wonne,
Shee is *Lauinia* therefore must be lou'd.
What man, more water glideth by the mill
Then wots the Miller of, and easie it is,
Of a cut loafe to steale a ſiue we know:
Though *Bassianus* be the Emperours brother,
Better then he haue worne *Vulcans* badge.

 Moore